Tolfa casa Boggi
via Civita Vecchia
July 30 - 1867

My dear Tom

altho' I have not got with me the new name of your Street, yet I shall guess at it as it is just possible you may be in alarm about me on account of my severe illness from rheumatism

'Tis now two months that I am here taking the hot mineral baths & profiting by the fine mountain air, but my progress is very slow tho' I may have saved my life in hastening here when I had almost lost my hands & feet

This my present writing but as it is, is the good effect of the water & air, for when I left Rome I could but just sign my name (queerly) I can now walk seven miles, but I am afraid that I shall never be quite restored that is to my former activity, but yet I shall be able to enjoy my life - fortunately I find myself in a position to indulge this heavy affliction with ever care & it consoles me that my Consulates

never suffered so been suspended owing to the excellent management of my chief secretary.— All the Italian documents I can allow him to sign for me, but the English ones are brought me by the post for they must be signed by me up to this I have 25 baths always under the aid of a good local Doctor, who is well versed in the nature of the water on various individuals & he intends me to have 3 more

'Tis a happiness to me in my misery that every one shows me the greatest attention, aye even devotion I have certainly inspired the love of every one about me 'Tis now 2 months that I have not spoken a word of English — I brought with me my cook a middle aged woman who is a treasure to me for you must understand that I have been almost helpless in the house a little work & I always had to be lifted out of the bath. Yet withall I have never lost my good spirits — but the 1st 10 baths make you worse & occasions great weakness & therefore are called the Purgatory, my suffering was so great that I once or twice thought it would be better to die "But there's life in the old Dog yet" — I am not allowed to go straight to Rome from this fine air & have to sojourn a fortnight at Civitacce 42 miles from Rome — This Tolfa is 50

But now I'll try & tell you a pleasant tale so as dear a brother – You must know this is primitive place in most any Turn or even wine shops serve for the common people who are a real industrious agricultural race, so that there are no beggars whatever – 'Tis my finding out & people are quite surprised at my discovery, for I am never enough to come to get every dirty post – the other mineral waters are at a great distance & I must have had the care of the P. O.

There is only one butcher in the town & he is a despot – he allows the people to put down their money but he does not allow them to speak & he gives them just what he pleases, but he treats every one well

In my first month I was odd and a carriage drive every day for I could not walk, but was a wonderful sight to see the people gathering their harvest up to the very tops of the mountains – the women have to carry enormous pitchers down to the valleys for water, for the town is built on a rock – the mountain scenery is lovely, every where find trees & cultivation – Every one has a bit of land which he tills with corn & vegetables – the people are like our onions & gourds – I am very well off for food for my cook is very good in searching out the good things

the mineral spring is a mile away & they bring the water in 4 vessels quite hot, each bath costs 2 shillings at first I thought that if the thermometer did not kill me the expences would, but now that I can walk all is right – how I long to be once more at home, for I have a charming home – I am engaged to finish a picture